

Hiccup, Gone

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Summary: Before Hiccup, the world was black-and-white. With Hiccup, it was full of color. Without him, it was all gray. AU of the first movie. Based off 'Hello' by Evanescence. Rated T for character death and grief.

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A/N: I really do not understand why I was in such a heartbreaking little mood. I was listening to Evanescence's Hello, and suddenly it occurred to me, the idea of Hiccup dying in the battle against the Green Death. I mean, I've considered the possibility before, but I was actually thinking about my other fic, Overachiever. Don't read that if you like Stoick, and if you don't like AUs. xD

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Toothless was used to seeing the world in black-and-white. Maybe not literally black-and-white, but dragons rarely had a good grasp of color anyway, so it was easier just to separate dark from light, and leave the rest unexplored.

Before he'd known Hiccup (it was still painful to think the name some days) he thought: dragons = good. Vikings = bad. Queen—he never quite had a color, a set in stone role for the Queen. Villain, hero, sidekick, alpha—he could never quite put his paw on where she belonged.

After he'd met Hiccup, he'd opened new eyes and begun to view the world afresh. Vikings weren't really as dark as he'd imagined them in his mind; they were all the colors of the rainbow. They were red and blue and pink and green and orange and purple. And dragons—yes. He discovered things about dragons, too. Dragons weren't all light, either. They were the same colors as the Vikings.

And each one of them was different.

The thought seemed incredible; as far as Toothless knew, there was one thing, one instinct that he had, and one alone: survival.

But to realize that humans knew so much more about other kinds of instinct was beyond the Night Fury. Everything that had looked so boring in black-and-white suddenly seemed new and fascinating to Toothless in color.

Whenever Hiccup left him in the cove, the dragon would stare around himself in wonder at the clearing in which he found himself, marveling at the grass and the sky and the trees, simple things. Things other people could easily brush off.

And now?

Now he would not look about himself in wonder. There was nothing wondrous to be seen. The world was a dark, cruel, uncaring place, where one dragon wandered endlessly to find his lost and out of reach companion, and one boy could never hope to be anything more than his size without a great sacrifice.

Hiccup had come stumbling and laughing and learning into Toothless' life, bringing color and love and friendship behind him.

And then, just as quickly, he'd been scorched by the fires of his own making. And just like that, he was gone again, bleaching all the color out of the dragon's soul.

Gone, just like the dragon queen whom he had risked everything to defeat. Gone, just like the funeral barge floating calmly on the water. Gone, just like the flaming arrows shot straight at the ship. Gone.

The color was gone, the boy was gone—everything was just gone.

And the things that were left had turned dreary and gray.

Vikings — gray. Dragons — gray. Queen — gray.

Hiccup—gone.

End
file.